For no name fits thy nature but thy owne.
*Tamora.* Giue me thy ponyard, you shal know my boyes
Your mothers hand shall right your mothers wrong.
*Demet.* Stay Madam heere is more belongs to her,
First thrash the corne, then after burne the straw:
This minion stood vpon her chastity,
Vpon her Nuptiall vow, her loyaltie.
And with that painted hope, braues your mightines,
And shall she carry this vnto her graue?
*Chiron.* And if she doe, I would I were an Euenuke,
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunke pillow to our lust.
*Tamora.* But when ye haue the honny we desire,
Let not this waspe out-liue vs both to sting.
*Chiron.* I warrant you Madam we will make that sure,
Come mistris, now perforce we will enioy,
That nice preserued honestie of yours.
*Lauinia.* Oh *Tamora*, thou bearest a womans face.
*Tamora.* I will not heare her speake, away with her.
*Lauinia.* Sweet Lords intreat her heare me but a word.
*Demet.* Listen faire Madam, let it be your glory
To see her teares, but be your hart to them
As vnrelenting flint to drops of raine.
*Lauinia.* When did the Tigers young ones teach the dam?
O doe not learne her wrath, she taught it thee,
The milke thou suckst from her did turne to Marble,
Euen at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny,
Yet euery Mother breeds not sonnes alike,
Do thou intreat her shew a woman pitty. (bastard
*Chiron.* What would st thou haue me proue my selfe a
*Lauinia.* Tis true, the Rauen doth not hatch a Larke,
Yet haue I heard, Oh could I finde it now,
The Lion moued with pitty, did indure
To haue his princely paws pard all away.

Some



Some say that Rauens foster fo
The whilst their owne birds fam
Oh be to me though thy hard h
Nothing so kinde but somethi
*Tamora.* I know not what it
*Lauinia.* Oh let me teach the
That gaue thee life when well h
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf
*Tamora.* Hadst thou in perso
Euen for his sake am I pittiless
Remember boyes I powrd fort
To saue your brother from the
But fierce *Andronicus* would no
Therefore away with her, and
The worse to her, the better lo
*Lauinia.* Oh *Tamora* be call
And with thine owne hands ki
For tis not life that I haue begd
Poore I was slaine when *Bassia*
*Tamora.* What Begst thou th
*Lauinia* Tis present death I b
That womanhood denies my
Oh keepe me from their worse
And tumble me into some loath
Where neuer mans eye may b
Doe this and be a charitable m
*Tamora.* So should I rob my
No, let them satiffie their lust o
*Demet.* Away, for thou hast
*Lauinia.* No grace, no wom
The blot and enemy to our ge
Confusion fall——
*Chiron.* Nay then Ile stop y
This is the hole where *Aron* bi

D

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